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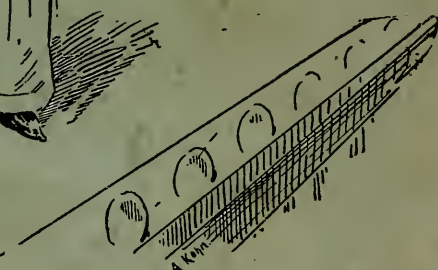
KEYSTONE EDITION

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EAST



LYNNE



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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1020 Arch Street

Philadelphia

EAST LYNNE

A Drama in Five Acts

ADAPTED FROM THE FAMOUS NOVEL OF THAT NAME

BY

MRS. HENRY WOOD

SPECIALLY PREPARED EDITION, WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAMS OF SCENES, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS

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Philadelphia
The Penn Publishing Company

1894

P 5842
 1894

EAST LYNNE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SIR FRANCIS LEVISON, a fashionable roue,	<i>Gentlemanly Villain.</i>
ARCHIBALD CARLYLE,	<i>Leading Man.</i>
LORD MOUNT SEVERN,	<i>First Old Man.</i>
JUSTICE HARE,	<i>Second Old Man.</i>
MR. DILL,	<i>Second Low Comedy.</i>
OFFICER,	<i>Utility Man.</i>
LITTLE WILLIE,	<i>A Small Child's Part.</i>
LADY ISABEL, } dual rôle,	<i>Leading Lady.</i>
MADAM VINE, }	
BARBARA HARE,	<i>Juvenile Lady.</i>
MISS CARLYLE,	<i>Eccentric Character Part.</i>
JOYCE,	<i>Utility.</i>
WILSON,	<i>Same.</i>
SUSANNE,	<i>Same.</i>

Time of representation, two hours and a half. Time, the present.

Locality—All the Acts except Scene 2 in Act III occur at East Lynne in rural England. Scene 2 in Act III occurs in London.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Sir Francis Levison, a blasé man of fashion, commits a murder, for which an innocent man, Richard Hare, is suspected and arrested. Richard retains as counsel Archibald Carlyle, a rising young lawyer. Mr. Carlyle has just married Lady Isabel, the daughter of an Earl, who is in impoverished circumstances. After the marriage Lady Isabel's jealousy is wrought upon by the clandestine interviews between Barbara Hare, Richard's sister, and her husband, Archibald Carlyle. The interviews are merely concerning the defense of Richard in the murder trial; but Lady Isabel, in ignorance of this, misconstrues their purpose, and being goaded on by her lover, Sir Francis Levison, consents to an elopement with the latter.

A few years pass, and Archibald Carlyle has secured divorce from his wife and marries Barbara Hare. In the meantime Lady Isabel, being badly treated by Sir Francis, leaves him (he having neglected to keep his promise and make her his wife). She learns of the serious illness of her little son, who is at the home of his father, Archibald Carlyle, and the latter's new wife, and determines to apply for the position of nurse for the little one that has been advertised for, so she can be by the bedside of her boy in his last hours. Disguising herself as "Madam Vine," she secures the position, but overcome by the death-bed scene of her boy, she throws off her disguise and reveals herself to him as his mother. She is discovered by Joyce, a former lady-maid of hers, but Joyce consents to keep her secret. It leaks out, however. Miss Corney, the quaint spinster sister of Archibald Carlyle, gets to know it, and through the instrumentality of the latter, who, although odd and eccentric, has an excellent heart, a reconciliation is brought about at the death-bed of Lady Isabel. The plot also shows how Sir Francis Levison meets his deserts by being brought to justice as the real murderer, thus securing the acquittal of Richard Hare. The part of Lady Isabel abounds in strong dramatic passages and thrilling scenes, and the late Lucille Western, one of the very best actresses America ever produced, made it the strongest part in her repertoire. Sir Francis Levison and Archibald Carlyle are also strong parts, while Miss Corney Carlyle, in the hands of a capable actress, will keep an audience convulsed with laughter at her eccentricities.

COSTUMES

SIR FRANCIS LEVISON. Age, thirty. Act II.—Full evening dress; eye-glasses; aristocratic make-up. Act III.—Fashionable dress; silk hat; light overcoat; gloves; walking cane. Act V.—Same attire as Act III.

ARCHIBALD CARLYLE. Age, twenty-five. Fashionable black suit.

LORD MOUNT SEVERN. Age, sixty. Gray wig; white whiskers and mustache. Dignified-looking old gentleman. Traveling suit.

JUSTICE HARE. Plain, respectable suit, such as would be worn by a country justice of the peace.

RICHARD HARE. Age, twenty-five. First dress, plowman suit, smock frock, corduroy pants; heavy black whiskers. Second dress, business suit; smooth face.

MR. DILL. Age, sixty. Gray wig; smooth face; plain suit; old-fashioned stock collar and white neckerchief.

OFFICER. English policeman's suit.

LADY ISABEL. Age, twenty. Act I.—Rich traveling dress and hat. Act II.—Ball-room dress. Act III.—White dressing gown.

MADAM VINE. Age, forty. Plain black dress, white cap and apron; gray wig; blue spectacles.

BARBARA HARE. Age, twenty. First dress—Light summer dress. Second dress—Black hat and black dress. Third dress—Light house dress.

CORNEY CARLYLE. Age, sixty. First dress—Eccentric loose dress; blonde wig with grotesque corkscrew curls. Second dress—Night-robe, very short, with red petticoat tied around her head. Third dress—Drab out-door dress, with big old-fashioned bonnet, trimmed with flowers; big red shawl.

JOYCE. Housemaid's dress, cap, and apron.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

SCENE 1.—Sheets of music on piano; stands of flowers for conservatory. SCENE 2.—Cart whip for Richard Hare.

ACT II

SCENE 3.—Call-bell on table; letter on table for Joyce to find.

ACT III

SCENE 1.—Letter for Archibald.

ACT IV

SCENE 1.—Embroidery work and knitting-needles for Madame Vine, which she uses during her conversation with Barbara. Letter for Joyce to give to Barbara. SCENE 2.—Warrant for Levison's arrest and handcuffs for Officer.

SCENE PLOT

ACT I

SCENE 1.—Parlor in Archibald Carlyle's house at East Lynne. It is a box scene in 3 G., backed by conservatory in 4 G. Open double doors c., leading to conservatory. Practical doors R. and L., second entrance. Piano and stool up L. c. *Tête-à-tête* down c. Chairs R. and L., arranged according to diagram. Medallion carpet. The draperies and surroundings must suggest a well-furnished home of an English gentleman. Lights up. Time, afternoon.

4 G. ————— 4 G.

VIEW OF CONSERVATORY.

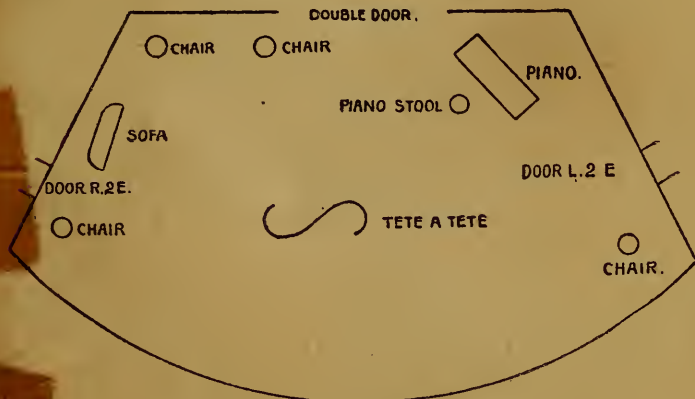


DIAGRAM OF SCENE I, ACT I

SCENE 2.—Landscape view in 1 G.

SCENE 3.—Same as Scene 1, Act I.

ACT II

SCENE 1.—Same as Scene 1, Act I.

SCENE 2.—Landscape view in 1 G.

SCENE 3.—Same as Scene 1, Act I.

ACT III

SCENE 1.—Chamber scene in 1 G. Practical doors R. and L., first entrance.

SCENE 2.—Lady Isabel's apartments in London. Chamber in 3 G. (boxed) backed by hallway in 4 G. Double doorway C. hung with curtains. Fireplace R. 2 E. with large easy chair in front of it. Cradle L. of C. with chair R. of it. Sofa down L. H. Chairs arranged about the room according to diagram. Medallion carpet down. Table and two chairs C., with lamp on table. Time, night. Lights in harmony with the scene.

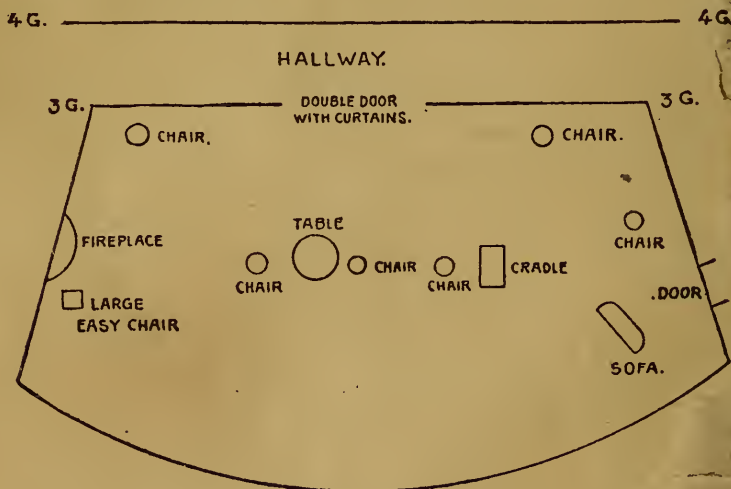


DIAGRAM OF SCENE 2, ACT III

ACT IV

SCENE 1.—Same as Scene 2, Act I.

SCENE 2.—Landscape in 1 G.

SCENE 3.—Chamber in 3 G. backed by landscape in 4 G., seen through open window C. Curtains at window. Couch L. of C. Large easy-chair beside couch, chair foot of couch;

small table holding bottles of medicines, lamp (not lighted), etc. Fireplate R. 2 E. Practical door R. 1 E. Practical door L. 2 E. Chairs arranged about room. Carpet down. Time, afternoon. Lights up.

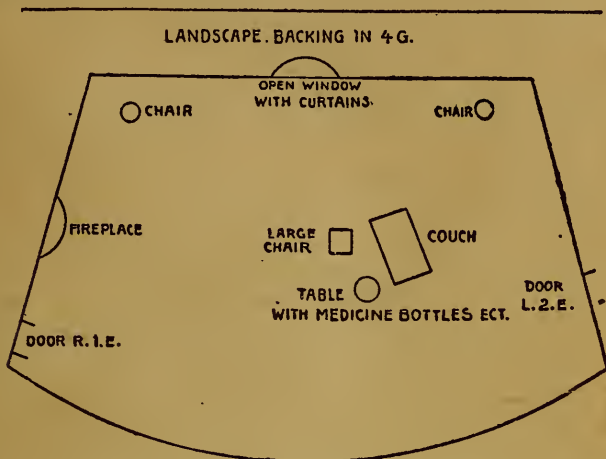


DIAGRAM OF SCENE 3, ACT IV

ACT V

SCENE 1.—Landscape in 1 G.

SCENE 2.—Chamber in 2 G.

SCENE 3.—Same as Scene 3, Act IV.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

The player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or scene running across the back of the stage; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2, or 3 G., first, second, or third grooves; UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.



EAST LYNNE

ACT I

SCENE I.—*c. D. Chamber in 4. Table and 2 chairs, R. H.
Set door, R. H. 2 E.*

Enter, C. D., MISS CORNELIA and DILL.

DILL. (~~L. H.~~) And so, Miss Corney, Mr. Carlyle will be here to-day, and bring home his bride.

MISS C. (R. H.) His bride, indeed! A pretty bride for him to take, an Earl's daughter! And I've no doubt she'll prove as idle and extravagant as her worthless father. She'll waste his means and bring him to beggary.

DILL. I trust not, Miss Corney. But do you know I had a notion when Mr. Carlyle left home he went to be married.

MISS C. You did, eh? And Archibald never to tell me! I who have been like a mother to him! But I always thought he loved that girl a great deal better than he should; for when he first took possession of East Lynne, she left some gold-fish in his care, and when they died he made such a fuss about them—oh! I was so disgusted with such silly nonsense! However, I am glad that silly Barbara Hare hasn't got him—after all the years she's been fishing for him. A woman has no business to be always running after a man—it aint decent. But I've made up my mind to make East Lynne my home for the future. There's no use of keeping up the expense of two establishments. Besides, here I can watch over his interests, for I know she'll bring him to beggary.

DILL. Well, I must go now, and prepare myself to meet Mr. Carlyle and his lovely bride.

Exit c. d.

MISS C. Lovely indeed! Beauty is but skin deep. Here, Joyce—Joyce!

Enter JOYCE, R. I. E.—

Joyce, is everything prepared in Mr. Carlyle's apartment?

JOYCE. Yes, ma'am, we've made everything look as tidy and as cheerful as possible.

Miss C. Cheerful indeed! and for her? Well, there—do get along about your business, for I expect them here every minute now. I'm sure I'd as soon see Archibald hanged as married. (*Enter DILL, C. D. R.*) What an old fool! Why, what on earth has taken you? Why, you are decked out like a young buck!

DILL. I hope I'm not too fine, Miss Corney?

Miss C. Fine? I don't know what you call it, but I wouldn't make such a spectacle of myself for untold gold. Why, all the boys in the street will be taking you for the bridegroom.

DILL. Well, now, really, Miss Corney, I thought this coat quite plain.

Miss C. Plain! and what would you have it, I should like to know? Perhaps you'd like a wreath of embroidery around it—gold leaves and scarlet flowers, and a swan's down collar. Pray, do you know your age?

DILL. I do; and I'm just turned sixty.

Miss C. You just one! And do you consider it decent for an old man of sixty to be decked out as you are now? Take care the boys don't tie a tin kettle to your coat-tails.

DILL. Well, now, Miss Corney, pray don't get excited about the matter. I'll go and change it to please you. Hush! I hear the carriage wheels now. (*Goes up c. and looks off L.*) And here come Mr. Carlyle and his bride.

Miss C. Well, I know one thing certain, I never will forgive *him* or tolerate *her*.

Gets in R. H. corner. Enter, C. L., ARCHIBALD CARLYLE and ISABEL. ARCHIBALD comes down c. to front.

ARCH. (C.) Welcome to East Lynne—to your childhood's home, Isabel! (*To DILL, who is on his R.*) Ah! Dill, my old friend, I hope you are well. (*Shakes hands with him and crosses to MISS CORNEY.*) Ah! Cornelia, my dear sister, this is kind in you to meet me here. (*Shakes hands with her and returns to c.*) This is my wife—the Lady Isabel. Isabel, this is my sister Cornelia. (*ISABEL bows.*)

MISS C. (*snappishly*) I hope you are well, madam.

ARCH. This is my old friend and confidential clerk, Mr. John Dill.

ISABEL. I hope I see you well, sir.

MISS C. Would you like to go up-stairs and take off your things, before supper?

ISABEL. I will go to my room, if you please, but Archibald and I have dined. I don't require anything, thank you.

ARCH. Isabel, I have some private matters to talk over with Dill. I'm sure you will excuse me for a little time.

ISABEL. Oh! yes; to be sure I will. I will remain here and talk to your sister.

ARCH. Do so, then, if you like. I'll not be long absent. Come, Dill.

Exit with DILL, C. R.

MISS C. What would you like to take?

ISABEL. I would like some tea, if you please. I am very thirsty.

MISS C. Tea! so late as this? You'd never sleep a wink all night.

ISABEL. Oh! well then, don't trouble yourself. I don't think I want anything. I'll just stay and talk to you about Archibald. He has often spoken to me about you, and I feel certain I shall like you.

MISS C. I hope you will be contented at East Lynne.

ISABEL. Contented! why, of course I shall. The dear old place! I was very happy here when a child; and it was here that poor papa died too. And then Archibald came, and bought the place, and he was very kind to me too. I do believe it was that which first made me learn to love him!

MISS C. Archibald has a very kind and generous nature.

ISABEL. He has indeed; and I shall try and be a good wife to him, and render him as happy as possible; and so, you know, I've been thinking how I can be of service to him, and I mean to try and persuade him to let me ride to town with him every morning, and assist him in his business affairs, and be his confidential clerk. Don't you think he will let me?

MISS C. He'd be a fool if he would.

ISABEL. And then we'd all be so happy together; and you'll let me love you too—won't you, Miss Corney? Oh! do let me love you a little! (*Goes up and puts her arm around CORNELIA, and kisses her.*)

MISS C. (*pushes her off.*) She's really a most extraordinary girl.

Exit, R. I E.

ISABEL. Why, she acts very strangely. I hope I haven't done anything wrong. (*Re-enter ARCHIBALD, C. D.*) O Archibald! I'm so glad you've come! I am quite at a loss to know how to act. I think your sister is a very queer person. Do you know I kissed her just now, and she seemed quite frightened. I don't believe she was ever kissed before.

ARCH. My sister is not over-pleasant in her manner, but she is a very upright and just person. You'll like her better when you come to know her. Now, Isabel, if you like, I'll walk with you through the grounds.

Exeunt, L. I E.

SCENE II.—*Landscape in I.*

Enter RICHARD HARE, L. I E., disguised in a ploughman's suit, with heavy black whiskers, carrying a large whip in one hand.

RICH. Here I am at length, after ^{my} absence of nearly two years, once more in sight of my dear old home. But, alas! I dare not enter even for a moment. I am a fugitive from justice, and even now the lynx-eyed officers of the law may be on my track, and discover me in spite of my disguise. Would I could see my dear mother, if only for a moment! (*Goes to R. H.*) Ah! the garden gate is open, and I see my sister Barbara standing in the door. I'll venture to speak and call her out. Hist, Barbara! Barbara, come out! Don't you know me?—it is I—Richard!

Enter BARBARA, R. I E.

BARB. O Richard! my dear brother—is it indeed you? What brings you here? How could you run such a risk? If you are discovered, it is certain death upon—you know.

RICHARD. Upon the gibbet—I *do* know, Barbara.

BARB. Then why risk it by coming here? Should mamma see you, it would kill her outright.

RICH. I can't live as I am living. I have been working in London ever since.

BARB. In London, Richard? How are you working—what at?

RICH. In a stable-yard.

BARB. In a stable-yard! O Richard! you—

RICH. Did you expect it would be as a merchant or a banker? or that I was a gentleman living at large on my fortune? I get twelve shillings a week, Barbara, and that has to find me in everything.

BARB. O Richard! my poor brother!

RICH. I could do no better. I was brought up to no kind of labor, and I did understand about horses. Besides, a man that the police-runners were after would be more safe in such obscurity than if he were a gentleman in fine clothes.

BARB. Poor Richard! what a miserable night that was

for you, and for all of us! Our only comfort is, Richard, that you must have committed the deed in madness.

RICH. I did not commit the deed at all, Barbara. I swear to you that I am innocent of the crime. I was not even in the cottage at the time of the murder. The man who really did the deed was Thorn.

BARB. Thorn! Who was Thorn?

RICH. I don't know. I wish I did. I wish I could unearth him. He was a friend of Afy's.

BARB. Richard, you forget yourself when you mention her name in my presence.

RICH. Well, it was not to discuss such topics as these that I have put my life in jeopardy by coming here to-night; and to assert my innocence can do no good. It cannot set aside the coroner's verdict of willful murder against Richard Hare the younger. If I had not fled like a coward, I might have stood some chance; but that flight, you know, looked like guilt. Is my father as bitter as ever against me?

BARB. Quite; he never mentions your name, or even suffers it to be spoken by the servants in his presence. After the delivery of the verdict, he took an oath in the justice's room, in the presence of his brother magistrates, that if he could find you, though it might not be for ten years, he would deliver you up to justice. You know his disposition; therefore you may be sure he will keep his word.

RICH. I know he never treated me as he ought. Had my home been made happier for me, I should not have sought the society I did elsewhere. Barbara, I must be allowed an interview with my mother.

BARB. It is impossible to think of that to-night. Papa has only gone of an errand, and may return at any moment. I don't see how it can be managed.

RICH. Why can she not come out to me as you have done?

BARB. Because she is ill, and has retired for the night. This separation from you has nearly killed her.

RICH. It is hard, after so long an absence, to go back without seeing her. What I want, Barbara, is a hundred pounds; and I think she can let me have it. If I can get that sum, I have an opportunity for doing better for myself than I have done. That was what I came to ask for. Do you think she can let me have it?

BARB. You must be here to-morrow night again. The money can no doubt be yours. But if, as you say, you *are* innocent, why not try and prove it?

RICH. Who is to prove it? The evidence was strong against me; besides, no one at West Lynne knew anything about Thorn but myself. He only came over on certain nights to see Afy, and he took precious good care to keep out of the way in the daytime.

BARB. Richard, why not tell the whole truth to Archibald Carlyle? If any one can help you, or take measures to establish your innocence, he can; and you know he is true as steel.

RICH. Well, perhaps you are right. He is the only person who ought to be entrusted with the secret of my being here. Where is it generally supposed that I am?

BARB. Some think that you are dead; others that you are in America or Australia. This very uncertainty has nearly killed mamma. But come again to-morrow night, at this same hour, and, meanwhile, I'll see what can be done about the money.

JUSTICE HARE. (*outside, R. H.*) Barbara! Barbara!

BARB. Hark! there's papa returned. I dare not remain another instant. You must go now, Richard. Good-night.

RICH. (*going L.*) Barbara, you did not seem to believe my assertion of innocence; but we are standing here alone in the still night, with Him above us, and as truly as that I must one day meet Him face to face, I have told you the truth. It was not I who committed the murder. I swear it—there—(*points to heaven*). Good-night, sister.

Exit hastily, L. I E.

Enter JUSTICE HARE, R. I E.

JUSTICE H. (*speaking as entering*) Barbara! Barbara! I say—Hello! young lady, what brings you here this time of night?

BARB. I went down to the gate to meet you, and had strolled over the side path, and so I suppose that was how I missed you.

JUSTICE H. Come into the house then. You ought to have been in bed an hour ago.

Both exit, R. I E.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.*

Enter JOYCE, L. H., meeting WILSON, from R. H.

WILSON. O Joyce! did you see who is come? A whole carriage-load of visitors, and she among them. I watched her get out.

Enter ISABEL, C. L., and listens.

JOYCE. Watched *her*? Who?

WILSON. Why, Miss Barbara Hare, to be sure. Only fancy her coming to pay a wedding visit here! My lady had better take care she don't get a bowl of poison mixed for her. Master's out, or else I'd have given a shilling to have seen the interview between them.

JOYCE. Wilson, you had better take care what you say here. Go and attend to the company.

Exit WILSON, R. I E.

ISABEL. (*advancing R.*) Joyce, what was that I overheard you and Wilson gossiping about just now?—about Miss Hare giving me a bowl of poison? Something in the dramatic line, I should fancy. Please tell her to keep her whispers to herself in future.

JOYCE. (L.) It was merely a bit of nonsense, my lady. These stupid, ignorant servants will talk; and every one in West Lynne knew that Miss Barbara was in love with Mr. Carlyle; but I do not think she was the one to make him happy with all her love.

ISABEL. Joyce, how would you like the situation of lady's maid? that is, if Miss Carlyle will consent to the transfer.

JOYCE. O my lady! you are very kind. I should so like it, and I would serve you faithfully to the best of my ability.

ISABEL. Well, then, if Miss Carlyle consents, you shall have it. I'll speak to her about it to-day. Now leave me, Joyce. (*Exit JOYCE, L. I E.*) Who is this Barbara Hare of whom I hear so much, and whom East and West Lynne are busy associating with the name of my husband? Oh! I remember now: I noticed her at the church door the first day we came to East Lynne; and Mr. Carlyle said, as he pointed her out, "That is Miss Barbara Hare. Don't you think her a very pretty girl?" Perhaps he has loved her; perhaps he loves her still, and only married me out of sympathy. Oh! if I only thought that, it would drive me frantic! But no—no—no! I will not harbor a thought so foolish as that. Mr. Carlyle is an honorable man; he loves me truly—he has told me so, and he would not deceive me.

Enter MISS CORNEY, R. I E.

MISS C. Lady Isabel, they are waiting for the order for dinner.

ISABEL. Order a dinner, Miss Corney? (*Aside*) What shall I say? I never ordered a dinner in all my life. I must say something. She's evidently waiting for an answer. Well, then, Miss Corney, you may tell them we'll have something to roast and something to boil.

MISS C. Something to roast and something to boil! Are you aware that such an order would puzzle the butcher to know whether you desired a few pounds of meat or a whole cow?

ISABEL. A whole cow! Oh! bless me, Miss Corney, we never could eat a whole cow. (*Aside*) I've evidently made a mistake this time. I'll try again. What shall I say? I wish I dared to ask her; but she looks so cross and severe, and she would despise me for my ignorance. I'll venture again. Well, then, Miss Corney, order as much meat as you think Archibald and yourself will require. I don't want any.

MISS C. Lady Isabel, if you desire it, I will give the necessary orders myself.

ISABEL. Oh! do, if you please, Miss Corney. I wanted to ask you to do it all the while, but I didn't want to trouble you. I don't think I know much about housekeeping.

MISS C. I don't think you do. Poor Archibald! so much for marrying against my will.

Exit R. I E.

ISABEL. I wish Archibald would come. The time hangs heavily when he is from my side.

Enter LORD MOUNT SEVERN, C. D. L., advances L. H., and bows stiffly.

LORD M. What is the meaning of this, Isabel? You are married, it seems.

ISABEL. Yes; some days ago. >

LORD M. And to Mr. Carlyle, the lawyer. How did this come about? And why was I kept in ignorance of the affair?

ISABEL. I did not know you were kept in ignorance of it. Mr. Carlyle wrote to you at the time, as also did Lady Mount Severn.

LORD M. I suppose this comes of your father having allowed him to visit daily at East Lynne, and so you fell in love with him.

ISABEL. Oh! no, indeed! I never thought of such a thing as falling in love with Mr. Carlyle; but he came to Castle Marling at Easter; he proposed to me, and I accepted him. I like him very well, he is so good to me.

LORD M. How comes it you are so nice in your distinctions between liking and loving? It cannot be that you love any one else. Who has been staying at Castle Marling during my absence?

ISABEL. (*confused*) Only Francis Levison.

LORD M. Francis Levison! You surely have not been foolish enough to fall in love with him! Isabel, Francis Levison is not a good man. If ever you were inclined to think him one, dispossess your mind of that idea, drop his acquaintance, encourage no intimacy.

ISABEL. I have dropped it already, sir. But, Lady Mount Severn must think well of him, or she would not have him there so often.

LORD M. (*surprised*) She thinks none too well of him. None can of Francis Levison.

Enter ARCHIBALD, L. I E. *Offers his hand to* LORD MOUNT SEVERN, *who refuses it.*

LORD M. Isabel, I am sorry to turn you out of the room, but I must say a few words to Mr. Carlyle.

ISABEL. Oh! certainly sir, I'll retire.

Exit door R. 2 E.

LORD M. (L. H. *severely*) Mr. Carlyle, sir, do you possess so little honor that, taking advantage of my absence, you must intrude yourself upon my family and clandestinely espouse Lady Isabel Vane, my ward?

ARCH. (L. H.) Sir, there has been nothing clandestine in my conduct toward Lady Isabel Vane, nor shall there be anything but honor in my conduct toward Lady Isabel Carlyle, my wife. Your lordship has been misinformed.

LORD M. I have not been informed at all. I was allowed to learn this through the public journal—*I*, the *only* relative of Lady Isabel!

ARCH. My first action after Isabel accepted me was to write to your lordship asking your consent.

LORD M. And pray, sir, where did you direct your letter?

ARCH. Lady Mount Severn could not give me your address, as you were then traveling; but she said if I would entrust my letter to her care she would forward it to you with others she was then writing. I did so, and in a few days received a message from her ladyship, that, as you had returned no answer, you of course approved of the match.

LORD M. Mr. Carlyle, is that a fact?

ARCH. My lord, whatever may be my defects in your

eyes, I am at least a man of truth. Until this moment the thought that you were ignorant of this transaction never occurred to me.

LORD M. So far then, I ask your pardon. But how came the ceremony to be hurried on in this unseemly fashion? You made the offer at Easter, and were married three weeks after.

ARCH. Business took me to Castle Marling on Good Friday. I called at your house. I found Lady Isabel ill-treated and miserable, far from enjoying a home at your house.

LORD M. What, sir? Ill-treated and miserable?

ARCH. Ill-treated even to blows, my lord. I learned all this through the chattering revelations of your little son. Isabel, of course, would not have told me; but when he had spoken she could not deny it. In short, she was too completely bowed in spirit to deny it. It aroused all my feelings of indignation; it excited in me an irresistible desire to release her from the thralldom that this cruel life had thrown around her, and take her where she would find affection and, I hope, happiness. There was only way in which I could do so. I risked all and asked her to become my wife, and return with me to East Lynne.

LORD M. Then I am to understand that when you called at my house you had no intention of proposing to Isabel?

ARCH. Not any. It was an impromptu step, the circumstances under which I found her calling it forth.

LORD M. May I inquire if you love her, sir?

ARCH. I do love her passionately and sincerely. I learned to love her at East Lynne, but I could have carried my love silently within me to the end of my life, and never have betrayed it; and probably should have done so, had it not been for that unexpected visit to Castle Marling. If the idea of making her my wife had even previously entered my mind, the reason why I did not urge my suit was that I deemed her rank incompatible with my own.

LORD M. And so it was.

ARCH. Country solicitors have married peers' daughters before to-day. I only add another to the list.

LORD M. But you cannot keep her as a peer's daughter, I presume.

ARCH. East Lynne will be our home. Our establishment will be small and quiet to what it was in her father's time. I explained all this to Isabel at the first, so that she might have retracted had she chosen to have done so.

Your lordship now perceives, I hope, that there has been nothing clandestine in my conduct toward Lady Isabel.

LORD M. Sir, I refused you my hand when you came in; perhaps you will refuse me yours now, though I should be proud to take it. When I find myself in the wrong I'm not above acknowledging my fault, and I must say that, in my opinion, you have acted most kindly and honorably. (*They shake hands.*)

Of course, I cannot be ignorant that in speaking of Isabel's ill-treatment you allude to my wife. Has this transpired beyond yourselves?

ARCH. Sir, you may be sure that neither Isabel nor myself will ever mention it. Let it be as though you never heard it; it is past and gone.

Re-enter ISABEL, R. 2 E.

LORD M. Isabel, I came here to-day almost prepared to strike your husband. I go away honoring him. Be a good, faithful wife to him, for he deserves it.

ISABEL. Oh! of course I shall, never fear.

LORD M. And now, with your permission, I'll take a look about the grounds.

Crosses to L. H.

ISABEL. We will accompany you.

All exeunt, L. I E.

Enter MISS CORNEY and BARBARA HARE, R. I E.

BARB. (L.) Papa was out on business; mamma was too ill to come; so I have ventured here alone.

MISS C. (R.) I am glad you have come. I thought perhaps you would not be pleased with Archibald's selection of a wife.

BARB. Not pleased, Miss Corney? Why, what have I to do with his choice of a wife?

MISS C. Oh! nothing; only there are so many ladies in East and West Lynne that seemed to take such an interest in Archibald's welfare that I thought they might be disappointed in his marriage—that's all.

BARB. On the contrary, I wish him all the happiness possible. He has ever treated me most kindly, and I sincerely hope he has found a wife worthy of him.

MISS C. Well, I like her better than I thought I should. I expected to find her full of airs and graces, but I must say she is perfectly free from them, and she seems quite

wrapped up in Archibald; she watches for his coming as a cat would watch for a mouse.

BARB. That is quite natural, I suppose.

MISS C. I suppose it is very absurd. I give them very little of my company; they go strolling out together, or she sings to him, while he hangs over her as if she were made of gold. O dear! I have no patience with such silly nonsense.

BARB. You must make some allowance for the fervor of youth.

MISS C. Fervor of fiddlesticks! Shall I tell you what I saw last night? Well, Archibald had a severe headache after dinner, and went into the next room and lay upon the sofa. She took him in a cup of tea, and never came back again, leaving her own until it was perfectly cold. I went to say so to her, and there was my lady's fine cambric handkerchief soaked in cologne lying on his face, and she kneeling beside him. Now, Miss Barbara, don't you regard that as the height of nonsense?

BARB. I must say that I cannot agree with you in that respect.

MISS C. Well, I know this much. If he had a headache before he was married, I gave him a good dose of senna and salts, and sent him to bed to sleep the pain off.

Exit, R. I E.

BARB. And she is happy with him—the only man I ever loved, or ever can love. Why did he pass me by for a baby-faced girl like that? It cannot be that she is capable of loving him with the deep affection I might have bestowed on him. Ah! they are coming this way. I'll retire into the conservatory. I could not endure a meeting now.

Retires, R. 3 E.

Re-enter ARCHIBALD and ISABEL, L. I E.

ARCH. You are fatigued—are you not?

ISABEL. Oh! no, not in the least! You say you have been intimate with this Hare family for a long time.

ARCH. Quite so. Cornelia, my half-sister, is related to them.

ISABEL. Don't you think Miss Barbara is very pretty?

ARCH. Yes, very pretty.

ISABEL. Then, intimate as you are, I wonder you never fell in love with her. Did you, Archibald—oh! did you?

ARCH. Did I what, Isabel?

ISABEL. You never loved Barbara Hare—did you?

ARCH. Loved her? Why, Isabel, what is your mind running on? I never loved but *one*—and *that one* I have made my own, my cherished wife.

ISABEL. Oh! I believe you, my dear husband.

ARCH. Well, now, you must sing to me, and then I'll pay you with a kiss.

ISABEL. With all my heart. What shall it be?

ARCH. Oh! you know my favorite song.

ISABEL. Yes. Alas! that was poor papa's favorite too.

(She sings song, "You'll Remember Me." ARCHIBALD gets chair and places it C.; gets on left hand of her; taking one hand in his leans tenderly over her. At end of song, kisses her on the forehead. BARBARA at back listening. Picture.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Chamber in 4. Table and 2 chairs, R. H. Books on table, vases, etc., etc.*

Enter LADY ISABEL and LEVISON, C. R.

LEVISON. (L.) Do you remember the evening, Lady Isabel, such a one as this, we all passed at Richmond—your father, Mrs. Vane, you, I, and the others?

ISABEL. (R.) Yes, I remember it well. We passed a very pleasant day. The two Miss Challoners were with us. You drove Mrs. Vane home, and I went with poor papa. You drove recklessly, I recollect, and Mrs. Vane declared you should never drive her again.

LEVISON. Which meant, not till next time. Of all capricious, vain, exacting women, Emma Vane was the worst. She was a systematic flirt, nothing better. I drove her recklessly on purpose to put her in a fright and pay her off.

ISABEL. Pay her off! Why, what had she done?

LEVISON. Put me in a rage; saddled herself on me when she knew I desired another companion.

ISABEL. Oh, yes! I know—Blanche Challoner.

LEVISON. Blanche Challoner! What did I care for her? No, Lady Isabel, it was not Blanche; you might have made a better guess at that time.

ISABEL. I do not understand you, sir.

LEVISON. The past is gone, and cannot be recalled. We have both played our cards like simpletons. If ever two beings were formed to love each other, you and I were. I sometimes thought you read my feelings.

ISABEL. Francis Levison—sir!

LEVISON. I must speak, Lady Isabel; but a few words, and then I am silent forever. I would have declared myself then; but my debts, my uncertain position, my inability to keep a wife, as your taste and style demanded, crushed my hopes, and so I suffered you to escape me.

ISABEL. I will not listen to this language, sir. (*Crosses L.*)

LEVISON. One single moment yet, I pray you. I have long wished you to know why I lost you—a loss that tells upon me yet; but I knew not how passionately I loved you until you became the wife of another. Isabel, I love you still.

ISABEL. How dare you presume to address me thus?

LEVISON. What I have said can do no harm now; the time has gone by. We have each chosen our parts in life and must abide by them. The gulf between us is impassable, but the fault was mine. I ought to have avowed my affection for you, and not to have suffered you to throw yourself away on Mr. Carlyle.

ISABEL. Do I hear aright? Throw myself away on Mr. Carlyle, my husband—beloved, honored, and esteemed by all who know him! Why, I married him of my own choice, and have never since regretted it. Look at his manly bearing, his noble mind, his generous nature! What are you in comparison? You forget yourself, Francis Levison. (*Crosses, R.*)

LEVISON. No, I do not. I pray you forget and forgive what has escaped me, and suffer me to be as heretofore, the kind friend, the anxious brother, endeavoring to be of service to you in the absence of Mr. Carlyle.

ISABEL. It is what I have suffered you to be, looking upon you in the light of a friend, I might say relative; not otherwise would I have permitted your incessant companionship; and thus it is you have repaid me. My husband, and whom you would depreciate in my eyes, has sheltered you, and screened you from the law. He has thanked you for your attention to me. Could he have read what was in your false heart, he would have offered you thanks of a different sort, I fancy.

LEVISON. I ask your pardon, Lady Isabel. I have acknowledged my fault; I can do no more. I shall not offend you again. But there are moments when our hearts' dearest feelings break through the conventionalities of life, and betray themselves in spite of our sober judgment. But I see that I must leave you now; so adieu—not adieu, but au revoir.

Exit, C. L.

ISABEL. Oh! how can I ever tell my husband that this man, whom he has befriended and sheltered from the law, has thus dared to speak to me of love! Heaven only knows what the consequences would be—a duel, perhaps. No, no, I cannot tell him; yet I feel I ought to tell him all. I will seek him instantly, my kind, my good, my noble husband.

Exit, C. R.

Enter JOYCE, L. I E., meeting WILSON from R. I E.

WILSON. (R.) I say, Joyce, don't you think she looks very ill?—my lady, I mean. She looks just as if she'd never get

over it. My goodness! wouldn't somebody's hopes be raised again if anything was to happen?

Re-enter ISABEL, C. R., and listens.

JOYCE. (L.) Oh! nonsense! what stuff!

WILSON. You may cry out nonsense as much as you like, but they would; she'd snap him up to a dead certainty; she'd never let him escape her a second time; she is just as much in love with him as ever.

JOYCE. That's all rubbish—all talk and fancy! Mr. Carlyle never cared for her, at all events.

WILSON. That's more than you know. I've seen him *kiss* her; and he gave her that locket and chain which she wears about her neck; she hardly lets it off either; and I do believe she sleeps with it.

JOYCE. How thoroughly stupid she must be!

WILSON. And that's not all. I saw them one evening, many months ago, when I lived at Miss Hare's house. She always steals out to the gate when she thinks it is about time for Mr. Carlyle to pass on his way from his office, on purpose to have a sly chat with him. Well, this evening I crept down behind the hedges, and then I heard all they were saying; she was crying bitterly, and then I heard Mr. Carlyle tell her that in future he could only be a dear brother to her; and then I saw him kiss her.

JOYCE. Then she's a downright fool to go on crying for a man that never cared for her.

WILSON. But she does do it yet; and so I say if anything was to happen now, Miss Barbara, as sure as fate, would step into her shoes. I mean if Mr. Carlyle should ever get tired of my lady.

JOYCE. Wilson, have the goodness to recollect yourself.

WILSON. Well, what have I said now? Nothing but the truth. Men are shamefully fickle; husbands are worse than sweethearts too, and if anything was to happen now—

JOYCE. I tell you what it is, Wilson, if you think to pursue this sort of topic at East Lynne, I shall inform my lady that you are not fit for the situation.

WILSON. Oh! you were always one of the straight-laced sort; but I've had my say, and now I'm satisfied.

Exit WILSON, R. I E., and JOYCE, L. I E.

ISABEL. (*advancing, C.*) O misery, misery! O how palpable to all eyes must be that woman's love for my husband! Palpable indeed when all East and West Lynne are talking of it; and even my servants daily gossip over it, and ex-

tend their pity to me. Oh! I cannot bear it—the thought will drive me frantic. (*Sees ARCHIBALD entering, c.; rushes to him and in a frantic manner.*) O Archibald! do not marry her! I could not rest in my grave if you did. She would draw your love from our children and from my memory. Archibald, you must not marry her.

ARCH. (L. H.) Why, Isabel! you must be speaking under the influence of some terrible dream, and you are not awake. Be still awhile, and recollection will return to you. There, love, rest on me. (*Folds her to his breast.*)

ISABEL. (R. H.) Oh! no; I know perfectly well what I am saying. To think of her as your wife brings pain enough to kill me. Promise me you will not marry her.

ARCH. I will promise anything in reason, my dear wife. But I do not know what you mean. There is no possibility of my marrying any one. You are my wife, are you not?

ISABEL. I know I am now, but I might die. Indeed, I think I shall die. Oh! do not let her usurp my place.

ARCH. Why, Isabel, what is your mind running on? Who is it that is thus troubling you? Of whom are you speaking?

ISABEL. Of Barbara Hare.

ARCH. Isabel, what notion you can possibly have picked up concerning Barbara Hare and myself, I am unable to conceive. I never loved her either before marriage or since.

ISABEL. But she loved you.

ARCH. If this was so, she was more weak, reprehensibly foolish than I could have thought her. I had given her credit for having better sense. A woman may almost as well love herself as suffer herself to love unsought. If, however, she did give her love to me, I can only say that I was entirely unconscious of it. Believe me, Isabel, you have as much cause to be jealous of my sister Cornelia as of Barbara Hare.

ISABEL. Oh! I will believe you, Archibald; it was only a foolish thought. I will banish it forever from my mind. (*Aside*) I cannot tell him I was foolish enough to listen to the gossip of my servants; he would despise me for it. (*Aloud*) I will leave you now. I am fatigued, I will retire to my own room. (*Going, R.*) Yes, I will trust him; if not, in whom can I trust?

Exit, R. 2 E.

ARCH. What can have put this by-gone nonsense into wife's head?

Enter MISS CORNEY, R. I E.

MISS C. Archibald, I wish to speak to you in regard to that Francis Levison. I don't like either his appearance or his manners.

ARCH. Cornelia, he is my guest, and as such must be treated with respect.

MISS C. (*crossing, L.*) With respect, indeed! He's a good-for-nothing villain, if I'm any judge of character, and I don't care how soon you tell him so.

Exit, L. I E.

ARCH. Poor Cornelia! she's hard to please; she's evidently annoyed at some trifling matter.

Enter BARBARA, R. H.

Ah! good-morning, Barbara. I am glad to see you at my house. Did you come by yourself?

BARB. (R. H.) Yes, Archibald. You must pardon my intrusion at this hour, and regard me as a client. I came on some business for mamma, but it's of a private nature. Mamma was too ill to come out herself, so she has sent me. Can we converse without being overheard?

ARCH. Be at ease, Barbara, this room is free from the intrusion of strangers. (*Gets chairs.*) Pray be seated, Barbara. Come, what state secrets have you to disclose?

BARB. Richard is here.

ARCH. Richard at East Lynne!

BARB. He appeared near the house last night, and made signs to me from the grove. You may imagine my surprise on finding it to be Richard in disguise. He has been in London all this time, working, half-starving. I am almost ashamed to tell you, but working in a stable-yard; and O Archibald! he declares he is innocent. He says he was not even in the cottage at the time the murder was committed, but the man who really did the deed was a person by the name of Thorn.

ARCH. Thorn? What Thorn can it be?

BARB. I don't know; some friend of Afy's, who used to ride over to the cottage in secret visits to her. Archibald, he swears to me in the most solemn manner; and I believe him as truly as that I am now speaking to you. I want you to see him yourself. He is coming to the grove again to-night. He will tell you all the circumstances of the terrible night, and perhaps you can find out a way in which his innocence can be made manifest. You are so clever, you can do anything.

ARCH. Not quite everything, Barbara. But was this the purport of Richard's visit—to tell you this?

BARB. Oh! no; he thinks it would be of no use to assert his innocence, for nobody would believe him against the evidence already given. He came to ask for a hundred pounds. He says if he can get that sum he has an opportunity of doing better for himself than he has hitherto done. So mamma has sent me to you. She has not that sum by her at present, and as it is for Richard, she dare not ask papa for it. She says, if you can oblige her with the money, she will arrange with you about the repayment.

ARCH. Do you want it now? If so, I must send Dill to the office. I have not that sum by me in the house.

BARB. Can you not bring it with you, and see Richard at the same time?

ARCH. It is hazardous, for him I mean. Still, as he is to be in the grove, I may as well see him. What disguise is he in?

BARB. That of a farm laborer—the best he could adopt in these parts—also a heavy pair of black whiskers. He is to be there at ten precisely.

ARCH. Well, then, I think I can come; but in order to do so I must disappoint a supper-party to which we have been invited. However, my wife won't mind that when I tell her the business is so urgent. Yes, you can tell your mother I'll come.

BARB. O Archibald! you are very kind to us! You have ever treated me like a dear sister, and mamma is grateful to you for all your attention to her. I fear we can never repay you sufficiently.

Rises to go, R. I E.

ARCH. (*rising*) I have only done what I felt to be my duty in the matter. (*Crosses R. H.*) Let me escort you to the gate.

Exit with BARBARA, arm-in-arm, R. I E., at same time enter LADY ISABEL, R. 2 E., and LEVISON, C. L., in time to see them off.

ISABEL. (*R. H. looking after them*) That woman here—in privacy with my husband—under, my very roof, too!—Ah! then, it is too true. My husband no longer loves me! (*Turns and sees LEVISON.*) You here, sir? (*Sits at table, R.*)

LEVISON. (*L. H.*) Who the deuce is that Barbara Hare? She's a very pretty girl. She seems to have a very good understanding with your husband. Several times I've en-

countered them together on the lawn enjoying moonlight walks, and private confab.

ISABEL. (*coldly*) What did you say, sir?

LEVISON. Nothing. I only spoke of Monsieur, your husband. I meant not to offend.

Retires up, L. H.

Enter JOYCE, L. I E.

JOYCE. If you please, my lady, little Isabel wishes to retire for the night, and she wants you to kiss her before going to sleep.

ISABEL. (*angrily*) Tell the nurse to put the child to bed, and leave me.

JOYCE. (*aside*) What! put the child to bed without even saying good-night. There's something strange going on here.

Exit, L. I E.

LEVISON. (*coming down L.*) By the by, Lady Isabel, don't you think that Barbara Hare a very pretty girl?

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. H. Looks sharply at LEVISON. He crosses by her, bowing and exits, L. I E.

MISS C. Lady Isabel, I have taken the liberty of countermanding the order for little Isabel's new frock. I think she has quite enough already.

ISABEL. (*still at table*) Countermanding my orders, Miss Carlyle, is a liberty you have taken a great deal too often. Allow me to tell you that I am the most competent judge of what is best for my own children, and that for the future I will be mistress in my own house.

Enter ARCHIBALD, R. I E.

MISS C. (L. H.) Archibald, what did Barbara Hare want with you just now?

ARCH. (R. H.) Why, Cornelia, she merely wished to see me on some business, that's all.

MISS C. Why don't you say right out what she wanted without making any mystery about it? She seems to be always wanting you now. Can it be that old affair is to be raked up again?

ARCH. Cornelia, you will oblige me by never referring to that old affair again.

MISS C. Oh! indeed! Very well, very well; but I trust they will listen to me when they are brought to ruin through

Lady Isabel's extravagance. Poor Archibald! he works like a horse now, and can hardly keep expenses down.

Exit, L. I E.

ISABEL. (*coming forward, R.*) Archibald what *did* that woman, that Barbara Hare, want here?

ARCH. (L. H.) It is a private business, Isabel. She brings me messages from her mother.

ISABEL. Must the business be kept secret from me?

ARCH. It would not make you happier to know it, Isabel. There is a dark secret hanging over the Hare family; it is connected with that. I am summoned away on some urgent business this evening; therefore I cannot attend you to the supper-party. You can use the carriage and go by yourself. I will endeavor to be there in time to escort you home. I am already late, and as I have to go to my office first, I must away at once. Good evening, and a pleasant party to you.

Exit, R. H.

ISABEL. What mystery can they have between them that he dares not reveal to me, his wife! Ah! he is deceiving me, I am certain of it. Oh! I am wretched, jealous, mad!

Sits at table R. Enter LEVISON, L. I E.

LEVISON. (*aside*) I wonder what the deuce that Hare girl can want with Carlyle. I followed them down to the gate and overheard them plan a meeting in the grove for this evening. Perhaps Lady Isabel would like to be present also. (*Aloud*) Ah! still alone I see, Lady Isabel. I expected to find you so. I suspect that Mr. Carlyle is more agreeably engaged.

ISABEL. Engaged! in what manner, sir?

LEVISON. As I came up the lawn, a few minutes since, I saw a lady and gentleman enjoying a tête-à-tête by moonlight. I followed them to the gate, and overstepped the bounds of good manners so far as to listen to a part of their conversation. I heard them arrange a meeting in the grove for this evening, and unless I am very much mistaken the favored individual was Mr. Carlyle.

ISABEL. (*rising*) My husband! O sir, you cannot mean that! Oh! if I thought him capable of such a falsehood to me, I would leave his roof at once!

LEVISON. (L.) That's right; be avenged on the false hound. He never was worthy of your love. Leave your home of misery, and come to one of happiness. Come, let me prove his perfidy to you.

ISABEL. (R.) Only prove this, and I will quit his house forever.

LEVISON. With me, Isabel?

ISABEL. Ay, with you. I care not who shall be the instrument of my vengeance.

Exeunt C. D. L.

SCENE II.—*Landscape in I.*

Enter RICHARD and BARBARA, R. I E.

BARBARA. (R. H.) Richard, we must not stand so near the house; papa is at home, you see, of all the nights in the world. You must wait till to-morrow night, and then perhaps you can see mamma.

RICH. (L. H.) I don't like waiting another night. Barbara, there's danger in every inch of ground this neighborhood contains.

BARB. You must wait, Richard, for other reasons. The man who caused all the mischief is at West Lynne; at least there is a man staying there by the name of Thorn; so Bethel just told Mr. Carlyle as we stood by his gate, and Mr. Carlyle wishes you to see him. Should it prove to be the same, perhaps nothing can be done immediately toward discharging you, but it will be a great point ascertained. Are you sure that you should know him again?

RICH. Sure that I should know him? Should I know my own father? Should I know you? Is he not engraven on my brain in letters of blood? But how or when am I to see him?

BARB. I cannot tell you more till Mr. Carlyle comes. Poor Richard! I hope the time will soon come when you can walk forth in open day.

Enter ARCHIBALD, R. H.

O Archibald! I am so glad that you have come. Our suspicion with regard to the man Thorn can now be set at rest. It seems to me Providence has directed his steps here at this very time. You must contrive that Richard shall see him.

ARCH. (*crossing to RICHARD*) Richard, your sister tells me that you wish to disclose to me the true history of that lamentable night. There is an old saying, and it is a sound advice, "Tell the whole truth to your doctor and your lawyer." If I am to judge whether anything can be attempted for you, you must tell me the whole truth without reserve;

otherwise I would rather hear nothing. It shall be a sacred trust.

RICH. (L.) Well, if I must make a clean breast of it, I did love the girl Afy, and would have made her my wife in time; but I could not do so then in the very face of my father's opposition. I went to the house on the evening in question to take my gun—Hallijohn had requested the loan of it; he was out at the time, so I handed it to Afy, who met me at the door. She would not allow me to go inside of it as usual. I was mad with jealousy, for I felt sure that Thorn was in the cottage with her, although she strongly denied it; so I determined to wait and convince myself. I secreted myself in the shrubbery in the garden, where I could see all that passed within the cottage. Presently I saw Hallijohn come up the path by me, and go into the house. Not long after, perhaps twenty minutes, I heard the gun fired, and at the same time saw Thorn leap from the cottage window and run wildly down the path, directly by me, to where his horse had been tied, jump in the saddle and gallop off.

ARCH. (C.) Did you know where this Thorn lived?

RICH. I could never ascertain. Afy said he lived away ten miles distant. He used to ride over once or twice a week to see her. I always thought he came there under a false name. He appeared to be an aristocrat, though of very bad taste. He made a great display of jewelry, expensive, too—such as diamonds.

ARCH. But you were afterward seen with the gun in your hand coming from the cottage.

RICH. I went there to upbraid Afy for having deceived me. Mad with jealousy, I hardly knew what I did; but I had no idea that a murder had been committed. As I entered the door, the first thing I stumbled over was Hallijohn's lifeless body. I saw my gun lying beside him. Some vague idea flashed across my brain that my gun ought not to be found there; so I seized it and rushed out just as people began to collect, and to my horror I was taken for the murderer; so I threw down my gun and fled.

ARCH. And that act alone condemned you. You acted like a guilty man, and that line of conduct often entails as much trouble as real guilt.

BARB. (R.) And you do not believe him guilty?

ARCH. I do not. I have little doubt of the guilt of Thorn; but I do not think, from your description of the man, that it is the same person who is now in the neighborhood. There is the money, Richard. (*Hands him notes.*)

You had better depart now for fear of spies; but be here again to-morrow night at this hour, and, in the meantime, I'll decide what course you are to adopt, and how I can best serve you.

RICH. Good-night, my more than friend; good-night, my dear sister.

Exit, L. I E.

ARCH. And now, Barbara, I'll see you to your gate.

BARB. Never mind, Archibald, it is only a few steps. I can go by myself.

ARCH. (*crosses R. H.*) Nonsense, Barbara! Allow you to go by yourself along the high-road at this hour? Take my arm.

Exeunt, R. I E.

Enter LADY ISABEL and LEVISON, L. I E., in time to see them off.

LEVISON. There, Lady Isabel, I told you what you might see—there is the proof.

ISABEL. Take me away from this accursed place, Francis Levison. I am faint—ill—wretched—mad!

Exit, L. I E., both.

SCENE III.—*Chamber in 4. Same as Scene I.*

Enter ARCHIBALD, C. Goes to table, R. H., and rings bell.

Enter JOYCE, L. I E.

ARCH. Joyce, where is your mistress?

JOYCE. Is she not in her chamber, sir?

ARCH. I have been looking everywhere. She is not in the house.

JOYCE. O heavens! I see it all now; her wild words to me—her strange looks. O master! she has destroyed herself, and she's been driven to it.

ARCH. Destroyed herself! What do you mean?

JOYCE. Master, she has destroyed herself as sure as we two are living. But a short time ago she called me to her—her face was like death—and exacted of me a solemn promise to-stay here at East Lynne with the children, if anything happened to take her from them. I asked her if she was ill, and she said, "Yes, Joyce, ill and wretched!" O sir! may Heaven support you in this dreadful trial!

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. I E.

MISS C. What's all this? whatever's up? where's my lady?

JOYCE. (c.) She has gone and taken the life that was not hers to take, and I say she has been driven to it by *you*. You've curbed her, you've snapped at her, and reproached her with extravagance—you know it, ma'am. All these years she's been crossed and put upon by you, and she's borne it all in silence like a patient angel. We all loved her, we all felt for her, and master's heart would have bled for her, had he only known what she had to put up with from you day after day, year after year. Many and many's the time I've seen her coming from your reproaches with quivering lip and moistened eye, and her hands clasped meekly across her breast as though life was too heavy to bear. (*Goes up to table, R. H.*)

ARCH. (*crosses to CORNELIA*) Cornelia, if this be true, may Heaven forgive you for it.

JOYCE. (*finding letter on table—coming down, R.*) O master—see. Here is a letter she has left; it is my lady's handwriting; read it, master. (ARCHIBALD *takes the letter—opens it—reads it—and staggers to chair L. of table, R. H.*)

JOYCE. Oh! what does she say? Is she dead?

ARCH. Worse than that! worse than that!

MISS C. Why, Archibald! what do you mean?

ARCH. She has eloped with Francis Levison!

MISS C. Oh! the disgraceful, unworthy—

ARCH. Hush, Cornelia! Not one word against her—no—not one! (ARCHIBALD *in chair, overcome by deep grief.*)

JOYCE, R. H., *appealing to Heaven.* MISS CORNEY *bending over ARCHIBALD.* *Picture.*)

CURTAIN

25

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Chamber in 1.*

Enter, R, I E., ARCHIBALD, reading a letter.

ARCH. (*reading*) "When years go on, and my children ask where their mother is, and why she left them, tell them that you, their father, goaded her to it. If they inquire what she is, tell them also, if you will, but tell them at the same time that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the depths of desperation ere she quitted them in her despair." O Isabel! I forgive you the injustice these words do my heart. May they never cause you the pangs of misery they have inflicted on me.

Enter MISS CORNEY, R. I E.

MISS C. Archibald, what's the time, I wonder?

ARCH. Just nine, Cornelia.

MISS C. Well, then, I think I'll go to bed, and after I'm in it, I'll have a basin of arrow-root or gruel, or some slop of that sort. I'm sure I've been free enough all my life of wanting any such sick stuff.

ARCH. Well, do so, if you think it will do you any good.

MISS C. Well, there's one thing I know of that's excellent for a cold in the head; and that is to take your red flannel petticoat and tie it on crosswise over your night-cap. I'll try it too. (*Sneezes.*)

Exit, R. I E.

ARCH. I'm uncommonly gloomy to-night; it's a bitter night out too. I wonder if it's snowing yet. (*Goes to window in plat, L. H.*)

RICHARD HARE *speaks outside, L.*

RICH. O Mr. Carlyle! for the love of Heaven let me come in. I'm nearly frozen; it is I, Richard!

ARCHIBALD *opens door, L. H.*

Enter RICHARD HARE.

ARCH. (R. H.) Richard, I'm thunderstruck! I fear you have done wrong in coming here.

RICH. (L. H.) What could I do better? The Bow Street officers were after me, set on by that wretch Thorn. I had

to leave London at a moment's notice, without a thing belonging to me. Even now the officers may be in pursuit. I have walked all the way from London here. I had no money to pay for a lodging, or even to buy food. I waited outside the window till I saw you were alone; so I thought I would ask your advice.

ARCH. Have you then discovered this man Thorn?

RICH. Yes; about a week ago, for the first time. I got a glimpse of him as he was passing by in a carriage. I tried to follow him then, but they drove too fast for me; but last evening I saw him again standing in front of one of the theatres. I went up and stood close at his elbow; he saw and in a moment recognized me, for he turned deadly pale. "What do you want, fellow?" said he, in an angry tone. "I want to know who you are," I replied. Then he flew into a fierce passion, and swore that if ever he caught me near him again he would hand me over to the nearest officer; "and remember," yelled he, as he walked away, "people are not given into custody for merely watching people!" That convinced me beyond all doubt that it was he. I tried to follow, but the great crowd of people in the street at that time kept me partially out of sight. At length he called a carriage, and as he rode away he pointed me out to an officer who had been standing near; but I managed to get among the crowd again, and fled as fast as possible. After that I knew I was no longer safe in London. O Mr. Carlyle, is this life to go on with me forever?

ARCH. I am deeply sorry for you, Richard; I wish I could remedy it.

MISS C. (*outside*) Archibald! who have you got in that room?

ARCH. It's some person to see me on business, Cornelia. You cannot come in now. It's only my sister, Richard. Be a man, and shake off this fear. No harm shall come to you in my house. But you had better retire till I have spoken to my sister.

Puts him off, L. H.

MISS C. (*outside*) Not come, indeed! Open the door, I say.

ARCHIBALD *opens the door, R. H., and CORNELIA enters with a red petticoat tied on her head; looks round stage.*

MISS C. (R. H.) Where is she, I say? Oh! you ought to be ashamed of yourself—you, a married man with children in the house, too! Oh! I'd rather believe anything wicked of myself than of you, Archibald.

ARCH. (L. H.) Why, what do you mean? Are you crazy, Cornelia? There has been no woman here, but a man who fears the police are on his track; you ought to be able to guess his name.

MISS C. What! not Richard Hare? Let me see him.

ARCH. Why, surely you would not present yourself to him in that guise?

MISS C. What? not show myself to Richard Hare in this guise—he whom I have whipped ten times a day when he was a boy, and he deserves it now for getting into such a scrape. He looks no better than I do, I dare say. Where is he? (ARCHIBALD *brings him out.*) Why, Richard, what on earth has brought you here? You must have been crazy.

RICH. The Bow Street officers were after me, and I had to cut away from London at a moment's notice. I had no money to pay for a lodging or to buy me food; so I came to Mr. Carlyle to befriend me.

MISS C. (R. H.) It just serves you right. You would go hunting after that brazen hussey, Afy Hallijohn.

ARCH. (C.) Cornelia, this is no time for upbraidings. Do you go and prepare him some food, while I see after his lodgings.

Crosses and exits, L. H.

MISS C. Well, come along, Richard; I'll see what can be done for you; but you know you always was the greatest natural-born fool that was ever let loose out of leading-strings.

Exeunt, R. I E.

SCENE II.—*Chamber in 4.*

LADY ISABEL *discovered seated at a table near fireplace, R. H. 2 E., wrapped in a large shawl—very pale and very ill.*

ISABEL. Alas! what is to be the end of my sufferings? How much longer can I bear this torture of mind, this never-dying anguish of soul? From what a dream have I awakened! O lady, wife, mother! whatever trials may be the lot of your married life, though they may magnify themselves to your crushed spirit as beyond the nature, the endurance of woman to bear, yet resolve to bear them. Fall down on your knees and pray for patience; pray for strength to resist that demon who would tempt you to accept them. Bear them unto death, rather than forget your good name and your good conscience. Oh! I have sacrificed husband,

home, children, friends, and all that make life of value to woman—and for what? To be forever an outcast from society, to never again know a moment's peace. Oh! that I could die, and end my suffering and my misery. (*Sinks her head on table. Enter LEVISON, C. D. She sees him, and speaks coldly.*)

ISABEL. You here, sir? Why did you come now?

LEVISON. (L.) Why did I come? Are these all the thanks a fellow gets for traveling in this inclement weather? I thought, at least, that you would be glad to welcome me.

ISABEL. (R.) I am glad, for one reason, to welcome you that we may come to an understanding with each other. Let there be plain truth in this interview, if there never was before.

LEVISON. With all my heart. It is you who have thrown out the challenge, mind. (*Sits L. of table.*)

ISABEL. When you left me in July, you gave me your solemn promise to be back in time for our marriage. You well know what I mean, when I say *in time*.

LEVISON. Oh! of course I meant to do so. I gave you the promise; but no sooner had I set foot in London than I found myself completely overwhelmed with business from which I could not extricate myself.

ISABEL. You are breaking faith with me already; your words are not words of truth, but of deceit. You did not intend to be back in time for the marriage; otherwise, you would have caused it to take place ere you went away.

LEVISON. Well, Isabel, you must be aware that it is an awful sacrifice for a man in my position to marry a divorced woman.

ISABEL. When I wished or expected the sacrifice, it was not for my own sake. I told you so then. It was for the sake of my child. But it is too late now, and his inheritance must be that of sin and shame.

LEVISON. Isabel, I am now the representative of an ancient and respected baronetcy, and to make you my wife would offend my family.

ISABEL. (*rising. At table.*) Stay, sir! You need not trouble yourself to find new excuses now. Had you taken this journey on purpose to make me your wife, nay, were the clergyman standing by to perform the ceremony, I tell you, Francis Levison, I would not have you! I can imagine any fate in life better than being compelled to pass it with you. (*Sinks in seat exhausted.*)

LEVISON. Indeed! You made commotion enough once about my making you reparation.

ISABEL. I know I did ; but that time is over now. All the reparation in your power to make, all the reparation the whole world could invent, could not undo my sin ;—it and its effects must be upon me forever.

LEVISON. (*laughing sarcastically*) O sin ! You ladies should think of that beforehand.

ISABEL. I pray Heaven they may ! May Heaven help all so to do, who may be tempted as I was !

LEVISON. If you mean that as a reproach to me, it's rather out of place. The temptation to sin lay not in my persuasion half so much as in your ridiculous, jealous anger against your husband.

ISABEL. Quite true ! Quite true !

LEVISON. With regard to your husband and that Hare girl, you were blindly, outrageously jealous. For my part, I don't believe Carlyle ever thought of the girl in the way you imagine he did. There was some disreputable secret connected with the Hare family, and Carlyle was acting in it *under the rose* for Mrs. Hare. She was too ill to attend to the matter herself, so she sent the young lady.

ISABEL. You told me a very different tale then, sir.

LEVISON. I know I did. That was merely my stratagem. All stratagems are fair in love and war. By the by, what have you named the young article there ? (*Points to cradle.*)

ISABEL. The name which ought to have been his by inheritance—Francis Levison.

LEVISON. What does he look like ? Is he anything like my handsome self ?

ISABEL. If he did—if he were like you in thought, or in spirit—I would pray to Heaven that he might die before he ever spoke.

LEVISON. Anything else ? I would advise you to be careful how you deal out your small change, Lady Isabel. You may get it back with interest. Is my room prepared ?

ISABEL. You have no room here, sir. These apartments are rented to me in my own name now ; they can no longer afford you shelter. I received these from you one month ago. (*Takes package of bank-notes from box on table.*) Forty pounds—count them. Is all right ? because I wish to return them to you. I wish all to end between us.

LEVISON. If it be your wish that all relation between us should cease, why, so be it. Remember, though, it is your own doing, not mine. But you cannot suppose I will allow you to starve ; a sum shall be placed at your banker's to your credit half-yearly.

ISABEL. I beg you to cease. What do you take me for ?

LEVISON. Take you for? Why, how can you live? You have no fortune—you must receive assistance from some one.

ISABEL. But not from you; no, not from you. If the whole world denied me, if I could receive no help from strangers, or means of earning a livelihood, I'd go and ask my *husband* for bread, sooner than accept one farthing from you.

LEVISON. Bless us, how bitter! Oh! yes, I know, your husband—a very generous man. It's a pity you left him though. Well, Isabel, since you will accept nothing for yourself, you must for the child. He, at any rate, falls to my share. I'll give you a few hundreds a year with him.

ISABEL. Not a farthing now. Or even, sir, were you to send it, I would throw it into the nearest river. Whom do you take me for? If you have put me beyond the pale of the world, I am still Lord Mount Severn's daughter.

LEVISON. Well, Isabel, if you will persist in this perverse resolution, of course, I cannot amend it. In a little while, however, you may wish to recall it; if so, a line addressed to me at my banker's will always reach me.

ISABEL. It will not be needed, sir. Your clothes, which you left here when you went to England, you will have the goodness to order Pierre to take away this afternoon. And now, it is my wish that we part.

LEVISON. To remain as mortal enemies forever?

ISABEL. To be as strangers, sir.

LEVISON. (*rising—offering her his hand*) And will you not even shake hands at parting?

ISABEL. I should prefer not, sir.

LEVISON. Oh! very well; just as you please. Da-da—ta-ta!

Exit, C. L.

ISABEL. And what is left me now but the deepest, blackest despair. I am bowed down by the weight of my own sin and shame. Why did I ever leave my home and my dear husband? Oh! would I could wake and find it all a terrible dream; that I could find myself once more at East Lynne with my husband and children about me, a happy, contented mother. But no—no—it cannot be! and I must bear the consequences of my sin forever! (*Sinks her head on table. LORD MOUNT SEVERN enters, C. L. She sees him and covers her head with the shawl.*)

Oh! go away, Lord Mount Severn, I beg! Why did you seek me out? I am not worth it. I have brought disgrace enough upon your name.

LORD M. And upon your husband and your children. Nevertheless, it is incumbent on me, as your nearest blood relative, to look after you and see that you do not fall lower. You were one of the last I should have feared to trust. If ever a woman had a good husband in every sense of the word, you had one in Mr. Carlyle. How could you so requite him?

ISABEL. (R. H. *At table.*) I believed that his love was no longer mine. I thought that he had deserted me for another.

LORD M. I had given you credit for having better sense, Isabel. But was that enough to hurl you on to the steps you took? Surely not; you must have yielded to the persuasions of that bold, wicked man.

ISABEL. It is all over now.

LORD M. Where do you intend to fix your future home?

ISABEL. Wherever Heaven directs. I shall leave this place as soon as I am strong enough to travel.

LORD M. You were *here* with *him*—were you not?

ISABEL. Yes; they think I am his wife.

LORD M. It is well. How many servants have you?

ISABEL. Two; maid, and a—a—nurse.

LORD M. A nurse! Isabel, is there then a *child*?
 O—sneak! may all good men shun him henceforth!
 O—Isabel, you, an earl's daughter! How utterly you have lost yourself!

ISABEL. Oh! spare me—I beseech you! You have been rending my heart ever since you came here. I am too weak to bear it.

LORD M. How do you propose to live?

ISABEL. I have some money left.

LORD M. His money, Isabel?

ISABEL. No, not his money. I am selling my trinkets one by one. Before they are all gone I shall look out for some means of earning a livelihood; by teaching, most probably.

LORD M. What sum will it take for you to live upon?

ISABEL. I cannot accept anything from you.

LORD M. Absurd, Isabel. Do not add romantic folly to your other faults. Your father is gone, but I stand in his place.

ISABEL. No—no—I do not desire it. I have forfeited all claim to assistance.

LORD M. But not to mine. I look upon this as a duty, an imperative one too. On my return to England I will settle four hundred a year upon you, and you can draw it quarterly, and so, Isabel, I bid you farewell. May your

future life be peaceful, for happy it can never be. (*Taking her hand, kindly*) Farewell, Isabel.

Exit, C. L.

ISABEL. (*rises and crosses to left of table*) And now I am alone forever! Why don't I die!—why don't I die! (*Falls in chair—bows head on table, sobbing bitterly.*)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Chamber in 4.*

Enter ARCHIBALD *and* DILL, C. R.

DILL. (R. H.) Mr. Carlyle, who do you think has had the audacity to come to West Lynne, and set himself up as a candidate in opposition to you?

ARCH. (L. H.) A second man? Let him come on; we shall have the satisfaction of knowing who wins in the end. Well, who is this formidable opponent?

DILL. Mr. Francis Levison. But you won't let that beast frighten you from the contest, will you?

Enter BARBARA HARE, *now* MRS. CARLYLE, C. R.

BARB. (C.) Archibald, you will not suffer this insolent man's doings to deter you from your plans? You will not withdraw?

ARCH. Certainly not, Barbara. He has thrust himself offensively upon me in this measure, and I think my better plan will be to take no more notice of him than if he were the dirt under my feet.

BARB. Quite right, quite right, my husband.

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. H.

MISS C. Archibald, have you heard this disgraceful news?

ARCH. I have heard it, Cornelia, and had I not, the very walls would have enlightened me.

MISS C. You will carry on the contest now? I was averse to it before; but now I withdraw all my objections. You will be no brother of mine if you yield the field to him.

ARCH. I do not intend to yield it.

MISS C. Good! You will bear on upon your course, and let him crawl on his. Take no more notice of him than if he were a viper. Archibald, you must canvass now.

ARCH. No, I shall be elected without canvassing. You'll see, Cornelia.

MISS C. I'll give you a thousand pounds myself for all of the electors.

ARCH. Keep your money, sister, it will not be needed.

MISS C. Well, I've heard of a Lady Somebody that kissed a blacksmith to insure her husband's election. Now, I'm sure I'd kiss every man in East and West Lynne, blacksmiths included, to insure your election.

Exit L. H.

DILL. And I'm sure I'd kiss every woman.

Exit L. H.

BARB. Archibald, I wish to say something to you. I fear I've done a foolish thing.

ARCH. I fear we all do sometimes. Well, what is it?

BARB. It is something that I've had on my mind for months. You remember that night three years ago that Richard came to us in the grove. I mean that—that night that Lady Isabel quitted East Lynne. Richard came back to me again after he had left us in the grove. I was standing at the open window. He saw me, and motioned me out to him. He declared to me that he had just met the real Thorn in the lane. He described a peculiar motion of the hand as he constantly threw back the hair from his brow, and also spoke of the diamond ring, how it glittered in the moonbeams. Since that time I have had a firm belief that Thorn and Levison are one and the same person.

ARCH. Indeed! Why did you not mention this before?

BARB. I did not like to remind you of that night before; but to-day I saw Sir Francis Levison in the street, addressing a crowd of people who had assembled to hear him speak, and there was the old action of the hand that my brother had before described. I have therefore written to Richard to steal down here, and try, if possible, to discover the identity. The letter has gone.

ARCH. Well, we must shelter him as best we can. I, myself, feel convinced that Thorn and Levison are one.

BARB. Indeed! How long have you thought so?

ARCH. Not until to-day. I never suspected it before; but from many circumstances that I can now call to mind I am almost certain of it.

BARB. Archibald, dear husband, what can be done to clear him?

ARCH. Being Levison, I cannot act.

BARB. Not act?—not act for Richard

ARCH. My dearest, how can I? You have not considered, Barbara—any one in the world but Levison. It would seem like my own revenge.

BARB. Forgive me. I did not think of it in that light. You are right, my husband, as you always are. Let us wait till Richard comes.

ARCH. Spoken like my own wife. Now, Barbara, you must sing to me. *(She sings song "You'll remember me." ARCHIBALD in same situation with BARBARA as with ISABEL, at end of Act I.)*

Enter LADY ISABEL as MADAM VINE during song, at C. D. L. At end of song she sighs deeply. ARCHIBALD and BARBARA turn and see her.

BARB. Ah! This is Madam Vine, I believe, our new governess. Please to step this way, Madam Vine. I hope you are not overfatigued by your journey. Why, how pale you look! You are ill, are you not?

MAD. V. (C.) No, not ill, madam, only a little fatigued.

ARCH. (L. H.) Barbara, you had better ring for a glass of wine and some lunch. I am sure Madam Vine must require some refreshment after her tiresome journey. And now I'll leave you to arrange matters between yourselves. *(Looks closely at MADAM VINE as he goes out.)* I've seen those features before, I'm certain of it; but where can it have been?

Exit L. H., slowly, as if in deep study.

BARB. (R.) Madam Vine, will you allow me to ring for some wine and a lunch?

MAD. V. (L.) Oh! no, madam, don't trouble yourself. I can't take anything just now.

BARB. You looked so pale I feared you might be ill.

MAD. V. I am generally pale, sometimes remarkably so, but my health is good.

BARB. Mrs. Latimer wrote us that you were a very estimable and worthy person, and that you would be sure to suit us. I hope you may, and that you may find your residence here agreeable. Have you lived much in England?

MAD. V. In the early portion of my life.

BARB. And you have lost your husband and your children? I think Mrs. Latimer mentioned children.

MAD. V. Madam, I've lost all—all!

BARB. Oh! it must be a terrible grief when our little ones die. I could not lose my babe for the world; it would kill me to part with him.

MAD. V. Terrible grief indeed, and hard to bear; but it does not always kill.

BARB. You are no doubt aware that these children you will have charge of are not mine ; they are the children of Mr. Carlyle's first wife.

MAD. V. And Mr. Carlyle's ; yes, madam, I have heard so. She is dead, is she not ?

BARB. Yes, she was killed by a railway accident in France some two years ago. She was the only daughter of the late Lord Mount Severn. She was very attractive and beautiful ; but I do not think she cared much for her husband. Be that as it may, she ran away with Sir Francis Levison.

MAD. V. I have heard so, madam ; it was very sad.

BARB. Sad ; it was very wicked—it was infamous. Of all husbands in the world, of all men living, Mr. Carlyle least deserved such a requital ; but the affair was a mystery throughout. Sir Francis Levison had been staying some time at East Lynne, but no one had ever detected any undue intimacy between them, not even Mr. Carlyle. To him, as to others, the cause must remain a mystery. But of course the disgrace is inflicted on the children, and always will be—the shame of having a divorced mother.

MAD. V. But you say she is dead, madam.

BARB. Yes, true ; they will not be the less pointed at ; the little girl especially. They allude to their mother now and then in conversation, Joyce tells me ; but I would recommend you not to encourage them in that. They had better forget her altogether, if possible. Mr. Carlyle would naturally wish them to do so. I trust you may be able to instil such principles into the mind of the little girl, as shall keep her from a like fate.

MAD. V. I will, madam. But do they enjoy good health ?

BARB. Quite so, all except the oldest boy, William. He has a slight cough, and the doctors think his lungs are affected. Mr. Carlyle also fears that he is not long for this world.

MAD. V. And how does Mr. Carlyle bear the thought of parting with him ?

BARB. Bravely, madam. Mr. Carlyle is not the man to betray emotion, whatever his feelings may be. Even when Lady Isabel left him he made no outward sign of grief, although it must have wrung his very heartstrings.

MAD. V. Ay, madam, because he did not love her truly ; his best love was given to another.

BARB. You are mistaken. She was his heart's sole idol. Mr. Carlyle is a man who always speaks the truth, and he

told me, in his confidence, that he would never have married again during Lady Isabel's lifetime.

MAD. V. But is it sure that she is dead?

BARB. Oh! yes, beyond all doubt. She was journeying with her nurse and infant child at the time of the shocking accident. Her uncle, the present Lord Mount Severn, wrote to the authorities of the little town where it happened, and they sent him word that the nurse and child were killed on the spot, and that the two ladies occupying the same compartment of the carriage had since died of their injuries, and that one of them was certainly the mother of the child. Besides, Lord Mount Severn had placed an annuity in the bank, to be drawn by her quarterly, that has never been touched; so that proves, beyond all doubt, that she no longer lives.

MAD. V. Quite true, madam.

BARB. It was a shocking affair all through. Poor Lady Isabel! Could she have foreseen her fate, she never would have taken such a rash step;—~~or had she known what a villain Levison was.~~ He was not only a bad man in principle, but he was a murderer!

MAD. V. Oh! no—no; not a murderer, a bad man, a very bad man;—but not a murderer.

BARB. Oh! did you know him, then?

MAD. V. Oh! no; I did not know him, madam; but I have heard the story.

BARB. It has not been proved, but I feel confident, in my own mind, that it soon will be.

Enter WILLIAM, followed by JOYCE, R. I E. JOYCE goes up to the table.

BARB. This is the little sick boy I spoke of, Madam Vine—little William.

MAD. V. (*rushes to him and clasps him in her arms*) Oh! my boy, my boy! Are you ill, my darling? Are you sick, William? (*To BARBARA*) I beg your pardon, madam; but I have lately lost a little boy of his age, and when we have lost children of our own, we are apt to love fondly all we come near.

WILLIAM. (*with MADAM V., R. H.*) Mamma, may I ride to town with you to-day?

BARB. My dear, I shall not go to town to-day; besides, you are not yet strong enough; you did wrong to leave the nursery to-day; this air is too chilly for you. Take him in, Joyce.

JOYCE. (*gives BARBARA letter*) My lady, here's a letter the postman has just brought; I forgot it till now. Come, William.

BARB. Madam Vine, this is Joyce, who has had charge of the children ever since their mother left them.

JOYCE goes to R. H., to take WILLIAM from MAD. VINE; recognizes her as LADY ISABEL; makes a movement of surprise as if to scream.—ISABEL puts a finger on her lips as a signal to be silent and not betray her.—JOYCE takes WILLIAM and exits slowly, R. H. BARBARA is busy reading the letter, and does not see this action.

BARB. (*aside*) Ah! this is from brother Richard, to inform me of his coming. I must go and see my husband at once. (*To MADAM V.*) Madam Vine, I must beg you to excuse me for the present. I am called away by some most important duties. Make yourself perfectly at home in my absence. East Lynne is small, and I've no doubt you'll soon become familiar with it,

Exit, L. H.

MAD V. Familiar with East Lynne! Did she but know how familiar East Lynne is to me! What will be my trials now! to see him, my husband once, caress the woman I hate; to be compelled to witness the thousand little proofs of affection that were once bestowed upon me; to see his love for her child, while I must teach my own children to forget my memory. Oh! why did I come here, why place myself in such daily torments? O Isabel! patience—patience! Is it thus you bear your cross in life? (*Retires up stage as closed in.*)

SCENE II.—*Landscape in I.*

Enter SIR FRANCIS LEVISON, R. H., walking hurriedly about.

LEVISON. (R. H.) What a confounded fool I was to think of trying it on at East Lynne! Carlyle has, no doubt, double the friends I have; but since I have entered the lists against him, I'll not back out. I'm determined to stand my ground.

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. I E.—She meets LEVISON face to face.—He lifts his hat and bows.

MISS C. (L. H.) Did you intend that insult for me, Francis Levison?

LEVISON. That all depends on how you are pleased to take it.

MISS C. You dare lift your hat to me? Have you forgotten that I am Miss Carlyle?

LEVISON. It would be a hard matter to forget the face, having once seen it.

MISS C. You contemptible worm, I despise you! Do you think I am to be insulted with impunity? Out upon you for a bold, bad man.

Enter OFFICER, R. I E. Taps LEVISON on the shoulder.

OFFICER. Francis Levison, I arrest you—you are my prisoner.

LEVISON. (*pushing OFFICER'S hand off him.*) Hands off, vermin! You are too familiar on short acquaintance. Of what crime am I accused?

OFFICER. That you'll soon learn. You must come with me at once. (*Handcuffs LEVISON.*)

LEVISON. Oh! certainly, sir, if you desire it. This is some ridiculous mistake—it will be set right in the morning. Good-day, angelic Miss Carlyle, loveliest of your sex. I'm sorry this agreeable little confab was cut so short. I'll come back and renew it in the morning. Take care of your precious self, and look out for the naughty, naughty men—ta-ta—ta-ta.

Exit, followed by OFFICER, R. I E.

MISS C. (*calls after them*) Here, officer! officer! Be sure you get his photograph taken. It will be an excellent picture for the rogues' gallery! Oh! dear, he's put me in such a fluster, that I must get home as fast as possible, and get some juniper-berry tea to settle my nerves.

Exit, L. H.

SCENE III.—*Chamber in 4.*

WILLIAM discovered lying on couch, C.—MADAM VINE seated behind at head, bending over him.

WILLIAM. Madam Vine, how long will it be before I die?

MAD. V. What makes you think you will die, William?

WILLIAM. I am certain of it, Madam Vine; but it is nothing to die when our Saviour loves us; but why do you grieve so for me? I am not your child.

MAD. V. I know you are not my child, but I lost a little boy like you.

WILLIAM. It will be so pleasant to go up there, and never be tired or ill any more.

MAD. V. Pleasant! Ay, William, would that time were come!

WILLIAM. Madam Vine, do you think mamma will be there? I mean my own mamma that was.

MAD. V. Ay, child, ere long, I trust.

WILLIAM. But how can I be sure that she will be there? You know she was not quite good to papa or to us, and I sometimes think she did not grow good and ask Heaven to forgive her.

MAD. V. O William, her whole life after she left you was one long scene of repentance—of seeking forgiveness; but her sorrow was greater than she could bear, and her heart broke in its yearning for you.

WILLIAM. What makes you think so?

MAD. V. Child, I know it—I know it.

WILLIAM. Did you ever see her, Madam Vine? Did you know her abroad?

MAD. V. Yes, child, I knew her abroad.

WILLIAM. Why did you not tell us before? What did she say to you?

MAD. V. That she was parted from her children here, but that she should meet them again in heaven, and be with them forever: there, where all the awful pain and sadness, all the guilt of this world will be washed out, and He will wipe our tears.

WILLIAM. How shall I know her there? You see I have nearly forgotten what she was like.

MAD. V. You will know her when you see her there, never fear, William.

Enter ARCHIBALD, R. I E. Sits on foot of couch.

ARCH. Well, Madam Vine, how is your little patient this evening?

MAD. V. He appears worse—more weak.

ARCH. My little son, Madam Vine is an untiring nurse to you, is she not?

WILLIAM. Papa, I want to see my sister Lucy, and Joyce too.

ARCH. Very well, my little son. I'll send them to you presently. Madam Vine, do you not perceive a change in his countenance?

MAD. V. Yes, he has looked like that since a strange fit of trembling came over him this afternoon.

ARCH. Oh! it is hard to lose him thus.

MAD. V. He will be better off. We can bear death; it is not the worst parting the earth knows. He will be quit of this cruel world and sheltered in heaven. It would be well for all of us if we could go there as pure as he is.

ARCH. There, William, keep yourself quiet. I'll go and bring your sister Lucy and your mamma to see you. I'll not be gone many minutes.

Exit, R. D.

MAD. V. (*rising.*) O Heaven! my punishment is more than I can bear. He has gone to bring that woman here that she may mingle her shallow sympathy with his deep grief. Oh! if ever retribution came to woman, it has come to me now. I can no longer bear it. I shall lose my senses. O William! in this last, dying hour try to think I am your mother.

WILLIAM. Papa has gone for her now.

MAD. V. No, not that woman there, not that woman. (*Throws off cap and spectacles.*) Look at me, William. I am your mother! (*Catches him in her arms. He says "Mother" faintly, and falls back dead in her arms.*) Oh! he is dead!—he is dead. O William! wake and call me mother once again! My child is dead!—my child is dead!

Enter JOYCE, R. H.

JOYCE. (*R. at foot of couch.*) O my lady! let me lead you from this room, they will discover you.

MAD. V. (*L. H.*) O Joyce! leave me to my grief. See here—my child is dead! and never knew that I was his mother. I don't care what I've been, I am his mother still. O my child—my child—my heart will break—my heart will break! (*Falls and sobs convulsively.*)

CURTAIN

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Landscape in 1.*

Enter BARBARA and JOYCE, R. H.

JOYCE. (R.) But, my lady, will not Madam Vine's illness prevent you from making your usual trip to the seaside?

BARB. (L.) Oh! no. Miss Corney will look after the house in my absence, and Dill will be here to assist her. Richard's trial will be over to-day, and, if he is cleared, I shall prevail upon him to accompany me. I shall start on Monday; this, you know, is Friday; so you will have ample time to get everything in readiness.

JOYCE. Very well, my lady. I'll attend to it.

Exit, R. H.

BARB. My poor brother! If he were only *free*, my happiness would be complete. (*Shouts, L. H.*)

Hark! what mean those shouts?

Enter MISS CORNEY, L.

MISS CORNEY. (L.) Well, it's all settled at last. Richard's free, at all events. I heard the news as I came along, and the very people who have been abusing him for the last seven years are the very ones who are cheering him. I saw that Afy Hallijohn as I came along—not that I'd condescend to notice such a creature, but she *was* decked out. She had on a green and white silk, flounced up to the waist, extended over a crinoline that would reach from here over yonder; a fancy bonnet stuck on the back part of her head, with a wreath and veil; delicate kid gloves, and swinging a handkerchief highly perfumed with musk. "Oh! it was perfectly disgusting!" (*Retires up.*)

Enter RICHARD HARE—Crosses to BARBARA.

RICH. (C.) Barbara, my dear sister, I am free at last. Once more I can walk abroad without fear.

BARB. I thank Heaven my dear brother is restored to me at last.

RICH. Yes, the trial is over. Sir Francis Levison has been proved guilty, and he has just received his sentence.

MISS C. (L.) What was it?

RICH. Transportation for life, for the murder of John Hallijohn.

MISS C. Only for life?

BARB. O Miss Corney! you may depend upon it, his punishment is quite sufficient. The lingering torture of mind he will have to endure in the galleys is a thousand times worse than death. But see, Richard, here comes papa to welcome you.

Enter JUSTICE HARE, L., crosses to RICHARD.

JUSTICE H. (C.) O Richard! my dear boy, I am now proud to own you. This is the happiest day of my life. (*Shouts and groans, L. H.*)

Hark! what's all that uproar and confusion? Oh! I see; it's that villain, Levison; they are taking him to prison, and the mob are after him. They are coming this way, too; let's be off. I'm so happy that I don't want to encounter that villain, for fear the sight of him would put me in a passion again. Come, my children.

All exit, R., except MISS CORNEY.

MISS C. (*crosses R.*) Well, *they* may all go; but I shall remain to have the pleasure of wishing Sir Francis Levison a pleasant journey to prison.

Enter, L., LEVISON, followed by an officer.

LEVISON. Thank fortune, I have escaped the mob at last. They are on the wrong track, and I can now proceed in quietness. (*Turns and sees MISS CORNEY.*) Oh! that hag here?

MISS C. Good day, Sir Francis Levison; those bracelets become you exceedingly well.

LEVISON. Yes, as you say, they are of a very choice pattern. The workmanship about them is very elaborate—truly fine. I'm sorry they've got such an affectionate hold on me, else I'd transfer them to you with the greatest pleasure. By-the-by, Miss Corney, give my regards to your brother, the pettifogging lawyer at East Lynne, and tell him that, should he want a lock of his first wife's hair, I have one, which I will give him, free gratis. (*Crosses, R.*)

MISS C. Sir Francis Levison, you are utterly devoid of feeling or honor. But times are changed since last we met. What will you do for your diamonds, your kid gloves, your perfumed handkerchiefs, in the hulks?

LEVISON. Do? why I suppose I shall have to do without them as many a man has done before me. There's one

thing I shall have to console me, though—I sha'n't be bored with your ugly mug there. (*Officer taps him on the shoulder and points off R.*)

Yes, I know, directly, sir. Don't interrupt me when you see I'm talking to a lady. (*To MISS CORNEY.*) I hate to be severe upon you, *angelic* Miss Corney. Don't forget my advice about the naughty, naughty men; and take good care of yourself—your precious self; and also of your red flannel petticoat—ta, la—ta, la!

Exit, with officer, R. H.

MISS C. Well, I do declare, he's an out-and-out villain, and I do believe he'd try to practice his arts on me, if he thought there was any chance of his succeeding.

Exit, L. H.

SCENE II.—*Chamber in I.*

Enter ARCHIBALD, L. H., meeting JOYCE from R. H.

ARCH. (L.) Well, Joyce, how is Madam Vine to-day?—no worse, I hope.

JOYCE. (R.) Oh! sir, I fear she is dying.

ARCH. Dying! I'll see her myself. (*Attempts to go R.*)

JOYCE. (*stopping him*) Oh! no, no, sir, do not go to her room please, sir; don't think of going to her room.

ARCH. What! let a lady die in my house and not look after her?

Enter MISS CORNEY, L. H.

Cornelia, Joyce tells me that she thinks Madam Vine is dying.

MISS C. Dying! I can't think what has come over Joyce. Lately she acts more like a simpleton than anything else. (*Crosses R.*) Move out of the way, girl. (*Going toward door, R.*)

JOYCE. Oh! no, no, ma'am; you must not enter her room.

MISS C. Well, I declare! What will you do next, I wonder? Archibald, do you go for a physician directly.

Exit ARCHIBALD, L.

Joyce, I think your brain must be softening—move out of the way.

Throws JOYCE round, and exits, R.

JOYCE. O my poor lady! What will become of you now? They will discover all.

Exit, R. H.

SCENE III.—*Chamber in 4.*ISABEL *discovered in bed, c.*

ISABEL. Oh! I am dying—dying alone! with no one to soothe and comfort me. Oh! if I could but see Archibald and ask his forgiveness, I should die in peace.

Enter MISS CORNEY, R. H.

MISS C. Well, now, if that Joyce was a drinking woman I should certainly say she was frightfully boozy. (*Recognizing ISABEL.*) Mercy be good! How came you here?

ISABEL. Oh! do not reproach me, Miss Corney. I am on my way to Heaven, to answer for all my sins and all my sorrows.

MISS C. (*R. At side of couch.*) No, poor child! I will not reproach you.

ISABEL. I am glad to go. Our Saviour did not come, you know, to save the good like you, but for the sake of guilty wretches like me. I have tried to take up my cross as He bade me, and bear it bravely for His sake, but its weight has killed me.

MISS C. Had I anything to do with sending you from East Lynne?

ISABEL. No, I was not very happy here with you; but that was not the cause of my going away. Forgive me, Miss Carlyle, but I want to see Archibald and ask him to forgive me before I die. I have prayed to Joyce to bring him to me; but she said it could not be. O Miss Carlyle! do let me see him, only for one little minute, and I will die blessing you.

MISS C. Poor child! You shall see him. (*Goes to R. door and calls.*) Here, Joyce, Joyce!

Enter JOYCE, R. H.

Go and request your master to come up to me.

JOYCE. O ma'am! do you think it will do—I mean, would it be well?

MISS C. Go and do as I bid you. Are you the mistress here, or am I? Go!

Exit JOYCE, R. H.

Now, poor child, I will leave you. You shall see Archibald alone.

ISABEL. Oh! bless you, Miss Corney; you have taken a load from my soul, you are too kind. (*Miss C. kisses her.*) And you have kissed me *too*, and I thank you for that.

MISS C. (*going R.*) Well, I believe I did kiss her; but it was all the fault of that Joyce, she has flustered me so.

Exit, L. H.

ISABEL. And I shall see my dear husband once more—ask him to forgive me—and then I shall have done with life.

Enter ARCHIBALD, L. H.

ARCH. I am deeply grieved, Madam Vine—(*Recognizes ISABEL.*) Great heavens! Isabel—here!

ISABEL. Archibald, I could not die till I had your forgiveness. Oh! do not turn away from me—bear with me one little minute—only say that you will forgive me, and I can rest in peace.

ARCH. (*L. H.*) Why did you come here?

ISABEL. I could not stay away from you and my children. The longing for the sight of them was killing me. I never knew one moment's peace after the mad act I was guilty of—in quitting you. Not an hour had I departed ere repentance set in. Even then I would have come back, but I did not know how. My sin was great, and my punishment has been greater; it has been one long scene of mental agony.

ARCH. Why did you go away?

ISABEL. Did you not know why?

ARCH. No; it was always a mystery to me.

ISABEL. I went out of love for you. Oh! do not look at me in that reproachful way! I loved you dearly, and I grew suspicious of you. I thought you false and deceitful to me; that your love was given to her who is now your wife, and, in my sore jealousy, I listened to the temptings of that bold, bad man, who whispered of revenge. But it was not so, was it, Archibald?

ARCH. Can you ask me that, knowing me as you did then, and as you must have known me since? I never was false to you in word, in thought, or in deed.

ISABEL. I know it now, but I was mad. I never could have committed the act in anything but madness. Oh! say that you will forget all and forgive me!

ARCH. I cannot *forget*—I have forgiven already.

ISABEL. Think what it has been for me to live in the same house with her who is now your wife, to watch the envied caresses which once were mine, to see your great love for her; think what it was for me to watch by the death-bed of my own child, to see his decaying strength, to be alone with him in his dying hour, and not be able to tell

him I was his mother. And then, to see you soothe her petty grief, and I, his *mother*, standing by. Oh! it has been to me as the bitterness of death!

ARCH. You were wrong to come back.

ISABEL. I know it was all wrong; but you were *my* husband once. Oh! that the fearful past could be blotted out, that I could wake up and find this all a hideous dream! Archibald, let your thoughts go back to the time when you first knew me, when I was a happy girl here, and my dear old father's petted child; and after, in the happy days when I was your wife, and our little ones were about us. Do you not wish that all this dark fact had never been? Do you not wish it, Archibald?

ARCH. Yes, Isabel, for your sake, I wish it.

ISABEL. I am going to William, but my other children will be left with you. Do not, in your love for your late children, do not lose your love for *them*.

ARCH. Isabel, *they* are as dear to me as *you* once were.

ISABEL. As I once was, and might have been now. Archibald, I am now on the very threshold of the other world; will you not say one word of love to me before I pass it? Let what I am be blotted for the moment from your memory. Will you not bless me? Only a word of love—my heart is breaking for it.

ARCH. You nearly broke mine when you left me, Isabel. (*Goes to her and takes her hand.*) May He so deal with you, as I fully and freely forgive you: May He bless you and take you to His rest in Heaven!

ISABEL. To His rest in Heaven! Archibald, you are leaving me.

ARCH. (*gets back at head of couch.*) You are growing faint, Isabel. Let me call assistance. (*Takes her head in his arms.*)

ISABEL. No, do not stir—it is not faintness—it is—death! Oh! but it is hard to part so! Farewell, my once dear husband, until—eternity!

Soft music

ARCH. Until eternity.

She falls back in his arms and dies.—He lays her gently down and stands in attitude of deep grief, as if invoking the blessing of Heaven for her soul.

CURTAIN

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